CHARLTON COMICS GROUP

POPEYE

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ALL NEW

POPEYE

THE SAILOR

CHARLTON PUBLICATION

C'MON BACK, BURGER BELLY - WHAT'S YOUR TWENTY?

ZZZZZZ

SPECIAL C.B. ISSUE

E. Wildman '76

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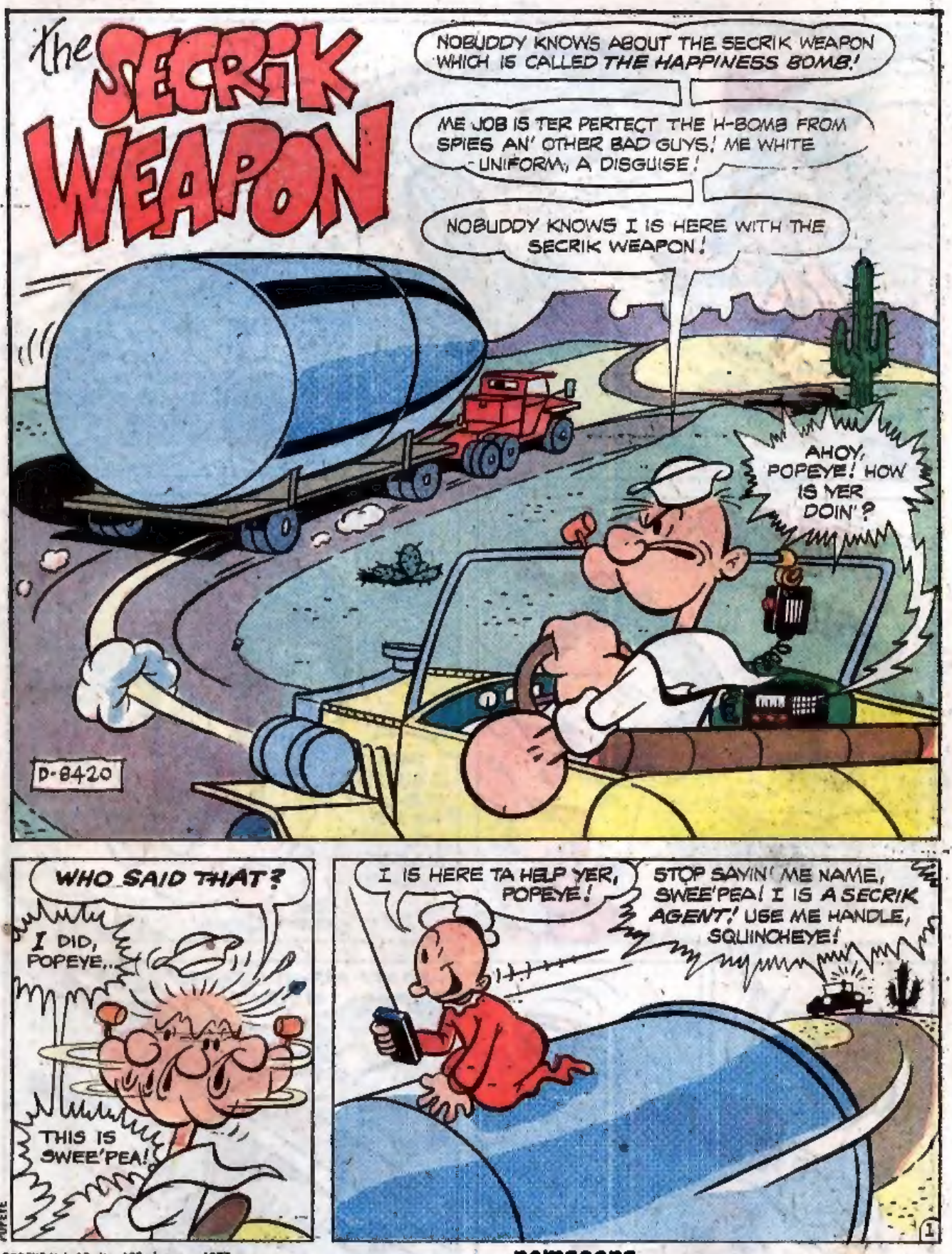
The SECRIK WEAPON
NOBUDDY KNOWS ABOUT THE SECRIK WEAPON WHICH IS CALLED THE HAPPINESS BOMB!
ME JOB IS TER PERTECT THE H-BOMB FROM SPIES AN' OTHER BAD GUYS! ME WHITE UNIFORM, A DISGUISE!
NOBUDDY KNOWS I IS HERE WITH THE SECRIK WEAPON!
AHOY, POPEYE! HOW IS YER DOIN'?
D-8420
WHO SAID THAT?
I DID, POPEYE...
THIS IS SWEE'PEA!
I IS HERE TA HELP YER, POPEYE!
STOP SAYIN' ME NAME, SWEE'PEA! I IS A SECRIK AGENT! USE ME HANDLE, SQUINCHEYE!
1

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POPEYE DOES NOT SUSPECT WE'RE FOLLOWING HIM!

SSSSHHH! HE MIGHT HEAR YOU!

!

ARF ARF! THEY IS PLAYIN' A JOKE ON ME, PRETENDIN' THEY IS ENEMY SPIES!

CLOSE IN--IT'S TIME TO STEAL THE SECRET WEAPON!

VAROOOOOO MOO

HEY, SQUINCHEYE, I JUST GOT BUZZED BY A BUZZARD!

BOMBS AWAY!

THERE IS SUMPIN' FISHY ABOUT THAT BLASKED BUZZARD!

PLOP!

ARF ARF-- HE MISSED!

ARF ARF ARF--IT CERKINGLY IS FUNNY!

THE LAUGHING GAS GETS THEM EVERY TIME!

WOT'S THE MATTER, SQUINCHEYE? YOU IS LAUGHIN' BUT IT DON'T LOOK SO FUNNY TA ME!

ARF ARF ARF/ARF

BLASKED BUZZARD!

ZOOOMMMM!

ARF ARF ARF ARF

C'MON BACK, BALDY! I IS LAUGHIN' COZ SPIES BOMBED ME WITH LAUGHIN' GAS. I CAN'T STEER I IS LAUGHIN' SO HARD!

CAVIAR CAN FROM TOVARICH. PROCEED PHASE TWO. CAPTURE THE SECRET WEAPON!

10-4 TOVARICH. THIS CACTUS SUIT HAS STICKERS ON THE *INSIDE* JUST LIKE THE *OUTSIDE!*

THE SECRIK AGENTS IS TRYIN' TA CAPTURE THE SECRIK WEAPON AN' I IS LAUGHIN' TOO HARD TO STOP 'EM!

ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!

GOTCHA!

BONK!

SQUINCHEYE, YA GOT THE BALDY HERE! THEY IS STEALIN' THE SECRIK WEAPON! ARE YA BY?

ARF ARF ARF

I GOTS TER RESCUE SWEE'-PEA! LUCKY I ALWEEZ BRINGS *SPINACH* FER EMERJENSEES!

HALP!

SPINACH

DON'T SWALLER THAT, POPEYE!

SOMEBODY SWIPED ME SPINACH!

NEGATORY, SQUINCHEYE! IT'S A C.B. RADIO! I CAN HEAR EVERY WORD YA SEZ!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

BAKER 19 FROM THE DIXIE FLYER. HOW ABOUT A 10-32?

...BIG DEE FROM INJUN JAWN. YOU'RE BENDIN' THE WINDOWS. 3'S.

I IS GONTER GO CRAZY LISTENIN' TO THEM RATCHET JAWS ALL DAY!

YOU BY THE CHANNEL, BIG FOOT? I JUST HAD A STEAK AND THREE HELPIN'S OF SPINACH. FOR DESERT I HAD A SPINACH ICE-CREAM SODA. THREE'S FER NOW, YA GOT ONE BIG BEE DOWN AN' BY THE SIDE!

IF I EVER GETS MY SPINACH HOOKS ON BIG BEE, HE WON'T BE ON HIS SIDE, HE'LL BE ON HIS BACK!

OH, YEAH?

'AT'S RIGHT, BIG BEE! IF YER DOESN'T BUTTON YER LIP, I WILL LAY YEZ AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS!

I'D LIKE TA SEE YA TRY IT.

POW!

BIG BEE IS MY C.B. 'HANDLE'. I RECOGNIZE THAT SQUINCH-EYED, BOWLEGGED SAILOR'S VOICE BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW ME!

KW

...EVER GETS ME SPINACH HOOKS ON BIG BEE, I WILL BEAT HIS POINTY HEAD FLAT!

OH, YEAH?

POPEYE IS FAR AWAY. HE CAN'T TOUCH ME HERE!

I'D LIKE TA SEE YA TRY IT!

GRAASSHH!

BREAKER 19, HOW ABOUT IT, BIG BEE! DID YA UNNERSTAN' ME LAST MESSAGE?

I IS DISGUSTIPATED! THE SPIES STOLED THE SECRIK WEAPON AN' THEY HAS LI'L SWEE'PEA!

I IS BEGINNIN' TER IMAJIN THINGS. LIKE I KIN SMEEL *SPINACH.*

SNIFF!

SNIFF!

I IS *SURE* I KIN SMELL SPINACH!

I BIN OUT IN THE SUN TOO LONG--THAT AIN'T NO SPINACH PLANT!

IT DON'T *LOOK* LIKE SPINACH.

BUT IT *SMELLS* LIKE SPINACH!

THERE IS JUSK ONE THING TER DO!

I GOTS TER TASTE IT!

CRUNCH!

IT TASTES LIKE SPINACH!

IT IS CACTUS SPINACH!

I IS SAVED!

THAT WAS DELISHUS! NOW FER DESSERK!

BREAKER 19! C'MON BACK! SQUINCHEYE! MAY DAY! I *NEEDS YA, POPEYE!* YA GOT THAT BALDY TRY'N! C'MON!!

ME LI'L BOY KID *NEEDS* ME!

I GUESS I WILL SKIP DESSERK T' DAY!

HURRY, SQUINCHEYE! I IS GONTER BE ET BY A MONSKER!

THEM BLASKID BUZZARDS IS WAITIN' FER ME TER DIE! I GOTS TER ACT 'LIKE I IS DEAD!

?

COME CLOSER, YA BLASKID BUZZARDS!

?

GOTCHA!

YER BOTH GONNA TAKE ME TER ME LI'L BOY KID!

FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!

I ALWEEZ WANTED TER BE A AVIATOR

I SPY A NO-GOODNIK SPY!

STAND BY THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN!

BOOM!

ARF! ARF! YER MISSED!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

WE IS GONTER CRASH!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

BREAKER, SQUINCHEYE! I HAS GOT A MESSAGE FOR YA!

YA GOTS TER *HURRY*, BALDY!

YER IS GONNA CRASH, POPEYE!

10-4, BALDY! WE'RE DOWN, FER SURE!

ME ADOPKID PAPA CRASHED

I IS *A ORPHINK* AGAIN!

CRASH!

GOOD SHOOTING, BORIS!

NOW, THE SECRET SUPER-BOMB IS OURS! WE WILL RULE THE WORLD!

NOW, FOR YOU, YOU LITTLE NO-GOODNIK!

I IS MAD, YA BLASKID SPY!

I HATES SPIES!

POW!

JUST WOT I NEEDS!

I GOTS TER FIND ME ADOPKID PAPPY!

HE CRASHED INTER THIS OPEN HATCH BY THE INJUN ROOM!

THAT DUMB KID CANNOT ESCAPE FROM THE COAL HATCH!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

W-WHO'S THAT?

B-BUT YA MUSK BE **DEAD**, POPEYE! I SEED YA CRASH!

I DID, SWEE' PEA, BUT...

....IT IS **SOFK COAL!**

ARF! ARF! ARF!

HA! HA!

THE SPIES HAS GOT THE SECRIK WEAPON!

IT IS THE BIGGEST BOMB IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

WHO IS THEY GONNA DROP THE SECRIK WEAPON ON, POPEYE?

WE MUST DELIVER THE SECRET WEAPON TO OUR SUPERIOR.

SUPER SPY WILL WIPE OUT OUR ENEMIES...

...THE PEOPLE OF OUR COUNTRY!

THE SECRET WEAPON GUARDED BY THE BOWLEGGED, SQUINCH-EYED SAILOR IS OURS, SUPER SPY!

I WANT POPEYE AND THE BALD-HEADED LITTLE NO-GOODNIK KID CAPTURED AND BROUGHT HERE!

LET'S GET OUTA HERE, SWEE'PEA! WE GOTS TER STOP THEM DESPRIK CRIMINALS!

I IS NOT DEAD! I HASN'T EVEN GOT A HEAD-ACHE!

POW!

YOU HAVE *NOW*, SWABBY!

NOW, I'LL GIVE THIS BALD-HEADED BRAT A [illegible]!

I IS INSULKED! I DON'T LIKE BAD GUYS CALLIN' ME BALDHEADED!

SMACK!

SWISH!

WOT IS GONTER HAPPEN, POPEYE?

THEY HAS A GOOD KING HERE AND HIS PEOPLES IS HAPPY, SWEE'PEA!

?

THE BOSS BAD GUY. WANTS TER BE KING INSTEAD O' KING WILLIE SO HE'S GONTER DROP THE BOMB ON THE KING!

THE BOMB IS SO BIG, IT'LL WRECK THE WHOLE COUNTRY!

THE BOSS BADDIE WILL SAY IT WUZ THE KING'S FAULT AN HE'LL MAKE HIMSELF KING!

'AT'S A DIRTY TRICK, POPEYE!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT TWO PAGES

UNLOAD THE SECRET WEAPON! THE BOMBER IS WAITING AT THE SECRET FIELD!

HI!

WELCOME

WHERE IS THE TRUCK TO CARRY IT, BOSS?

DO I HAVE TO THINK OF *EVERYTHING*? YOU GET THE BOMB THERE *OR ELSE!*

YOU HEARD THE BOSS! DELIVER THIS BOMB TO THE AIRPORT--*OR ELSE!*

OR ELSE?? Y-YESSIR!

YOU! I WILL UNTIE YOU AND YOU WILL CARRY THIS BOMB TO THE AIR-FIELD--*OR ELSE!*

OR ELSE *WHAT??*

OR ELSE I WILL PULL THE TRIGGER OF THIS GUN!

OH, *THAT* OR ELSE! SURE, I'LL CARRY THE BOMB!

BREAKER 19, YOU GOT KING WILLIE HERE! WHAT'S YOUR HANDLE, GOOD BUDDY?

K-KING WILLIE? IF YOU'RE THE HEAD GEEZER AROUND HERE, I GOT A MESSAGE FOR YA. YOU GOT ONE SQUINCHEYE HERE, COME ON.

10-4, SQUINCHEYE, WE GOT EARS ON YA, YER GIVIN' US A BIG 8, C'MON BACK!

THE BOSS O' THE NASTIES IS GONTER DROP A SECRIK WEAPON ON YER, KING WILLIE.

CARRY THE BOMB, SAILOR!

IT IS TOO HEAVY!

DON'T DROP IT, STUPID!

RUN, SWEE'PEA... I IS TOO WEAK TER HOLD IT UP!

I GOTS SUMPIN' FOR YA, POPEYE!

HERE'S YER SPINACH, POPEYE!

GULP!

ARF! ARF! WHERE DO YA WANT ME TA PUT IT?

LOAD THE BOMB ON THAT BOMBER!

BIG 10-4!

WHY. IS POPEYE HELPIN' YOU BAD GUYS? I DON'T UNNERSTAN'!

POPEYE IS AFRAID WE'LL SHOOT HIM IF HE REFUSES. HE IS A COWARD!

?

POPEYE AIN'T ASCARED O' NOTHIN'!

YEEEOOW!

NOW, I WILL TELL THE PEOPLE THAT THEIR STUPID KING WILLIE CANNOT PROTECT THEM.

I'LL USE C.B. RADIO. *EVERYONE* HAS C.B. NOW.

BREAKER 19, BREAKER 19. THIS IS A 10-33 EMERGENCY. I AM ABOUT TO DROP A BOMB ON YOUR COUNTRY AND YOUR STUPID KING WILLIE CANNOT STOP ME!

LOOK UP! YOU WILL SEE MY BOMBER THAT KING WILLIE CANNOT STOP! DON'T FORGET, KING WILLIE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN!

DO SUMPIN, POPEYE!

I YAM DOIN' SUMPIN'! I IS WATCHIN'!

NOW, YOU'RE BEING SENSIBLE, POPEYE.

I KNOW THE SECRIK OF THE SECRIK WEAPON.

WHAT SECRIK...ER... SECRET?

YA'LL SEE IN A MINIT, YA SWAB!

BOOOM

REMEMBER, KING WILLIE BROUGHT THIS DISASTER DOWN ON YOU!

"SOME DISASTER! YUMMEE!

ICE CREAM AN' HOT DAWGS! HURRAY FOR KING WILLIE!

YOU BETRAYED US! FOR THAT YOU SHALL DIE!

SWEE'PEA, YA GOTS ANY MORE SPINACH ON YA?

SURE, POPEYE!

HERE!

ARF! ARF!

H-HE'S BULLET-PROOF!

I'M POPEYE, THE SAILOR MAN. WHEN I EATS ME SPINACH I FIGHTS TA THE FINISH.

BAM!

POW!

POW!

BLAM!

KIN I HELP, POPEYE?

YEAH. USE YER C.B. RADIO TER CALL THE STREET CLEANERS TA PICK UP AFTER ME!

THE PEOPLE WANT ME TO HAVE THE COUNTRY BOMBED ONCE A WEEK, POPEYE.

THEY WUZ ONLY ONE *HAPPINESS BOMB.* IT WAS MADE TER STOP WARS BEFORE THEY STARTED, MAYBE SOME DAY THAT'S THE ONLIEST KIND OF BOMB THEY WILL USE.

END

The GREAT HAMBURGER BET

One bright, sunny, summer day, Wimpy was slowly walking down the street when suddenly, he smelled the most wonderful smell in the world. Following the scent like a bloodhound, Wimpy quickly traced the aroma to its source!

An hour later, Wimpy arrived at Olive Oyl's back yard where hamburgers were cooking on a barbecue pit.

Moving as quietly as a cat, Wimpy sneaked toward the fence around Olive's yard. He ducked down and inched closer and closer to the barbecue grill. Soon, he was close enough to hear the hamburgers sizzling over the open fire! Wimpy started to drool!

"For once we're alone, Olive, me gell!" stated Popeye. "We ain't gots no one ta' ruins our barbecue!"

"Yes," answered Olive. "I can hardly believe it. I was sure that Wimpy would pop up out of nowhere as soon as we lit the charcoal! He usually does when there's food around! That reminds me, how are the hamburgers doing?" asked Olive as she began to set the picnic table.

"They's almost done," answered Popeye. "I've gots the rolls right here. I'll puts da' burgers on the buns in-na' minute!"

"Forget the hamburgers for a second and come over here and help me!" said Olive.

Popeye left the grill unattended and strolled toward Olive. A second was all the time that Wimpy needed to do what he had to do.

Instantly, Wimpy leaped up and leaned over the fence. He snatched the hot hamburgers off of the grill and flipped them between buns. Before Popeye or Olive could turn around, he disappeared behind the fence.

"Shiver me timbers!" shouted Popeye in surprise when he looked back at the grill. "Yoiks! Some dirty sneak hask' stolen our grub!"

"I bet I know who the burger burglar is!" stated Olive angrily as she looked at the empty grill.

Popeye and Olive raced over to the fence, leaned over it and looked down. There was Wimpy finishing off the last bite of the last burger.

"I'm goinks ta' clobber dat free loader!" yelled Popeye.

"Don't do it, Popeye," ordered Olive. "Wimpy just doesn't have any will power! He couldn't resist a hamburger on a bet!" she explained.

"I beg to differ with you, Miss Olive," replied Wimpy politely as he tipped his cap. "I have a great deal of will power!"

"Scuttlebutt!" snapped Popeye. "I'll bet you all of da' hamburgers dat you can eats, dat if I puts one, big hamburger in fronts of ya, dat you can'ts resists eating it!"

"How long would I have to go without eating it?" asked Wimpy.

"I bets dat you can't resist it, not even for ten minutes," answered Popeye.

"That, sir, is a bet!" agreed Wimpy. "I'll be here tomorrow at noon to settle this issue. Have plenty of hamburgers ready for me to eat after you lose the bet," Wimpy advised his friends as he strolled away.

"Don't worry, Popeye, you don't have a chance in the world of losing that bet!" Olive stated to her boyfriend.

"Jusks in case I loses, we'd better have plenty of burgers handy," answered Popeye.

As he walked home, Wimpy strained his brain to think of a way to resist hamburgers. Popeye and Olive were right. He didn't have any will power. Unless a miracle happened, he would eat that hamburger tomorrow, lose the bet and miss out on the chance of a lifetime!

On his way home, Wimpy passed the tiny theater where Mr. Mystic, the Magic Hypnotist was appearing. Supposedly, Mr Mystic was the greatest hypnotist in the world. He could put anyone under a hypnotic spell. When a person was in his power, Mr. Mystic could make that person do anything!

Just then, Wimpy got a brainstorm. Maybe Mr. Mystic could hypnotize him into hating hamburgers. Like a madman, Wimpy dashed into the theater.

The next afternoon, Wimpy showed up at Olive's house with Mr. Mystic, the Hypnotist. Olive and Popeye were ready and waiting to begin. Wimpy sat down at the picnic table and instantly, Mr. Mystic put Wimpy in a hypnotic spell!

"You hate hamburgers!" Mr. Mystic told Wimpy. Suddenly, mysteriously, Wimpy was totally in Mr. Mystic's power.

Popeye carried the gigantic hamburger that he'd cooked over to the table. He put it down in front of Wimpy.

Wimpy's nose twitched when he smelled the aroma of the big burger. Quickly, Wimpy's eyelids snapped open and he snapped out of the spell. As swiftly as lightning, Wimpy snatched the burger off of the table and gobbled it up.

Not even hypnotism could make Wimpy resist hamburgers.

"Yuk! Yuk! Yuk!" laughed Popeye. "I wins! I knew I would, but don't nobody leave. We gots lots of burgers and we mights as well have a big picnic!"

Wimpy, Mr. Mystic, Olive and Popeye spent the rest of the day stuffing themselves with hamburgers!

* * * * * 5445

AVAST, YEZ LAND-LUBBERS! COME ABOARD AN' PLAY...

FIND-a-WORD

SEEK-a-WORD

THERE'LL BE SMOOTH SAILIN' IF YEZ FOLLOW DA RULES:

- ONCE YOU FIND A WORD IN THE DIAGRAM CIRCLE IT AND THEN CROSS SAME WORD OFF YOUR PUZZLE LIST FOUND ON THE LEFT OF PAGE.
- WORDS CAN READ FORWARD, BACKWARD, UP, DOWN, OR DIAGONALLY. SOLUTION CAN BE FOUND UP-SIDE DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF PAGE.

YIKES! DERE'S PIRACY AFLOAT!

1. KIDD
2. MAP
3. PISTOL
4. LAFITTE
5. MORGAN
6. CUTLASS
7. EYE PATCH
8. TREASURE
9. YARDARM
10. BUCCANEER
11. JOLLY ROGER
12. SPANISH MAIN
13. BLACKBEARD
14. WALK THE PLANK
15. SCULL & CROSSBONES

ANSWERS

L	E	M	B	U	C	C	A	N	E	E	R	S	
S	A	O	R	L	T	E	U	I	M	Y	S	E	
P	B	X	Z	A	I	W	O	T	A	E	G	N	
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J	O	N	I	P	U	X	A	D	O	T	S	S	
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A	Y	L	A	M	Y	Z	A	B	U	H	W	O	
L	P	E	J	O	L	L	Y	R	O	G	E	R	
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T	U	B	B	L	A	C	K	B	E	A	R	D	
H	C	A	C	U	D	T	F	N	G	I	D	N	
E	T	T	I	F	A	L	A	R	P	C	L	A	
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LOOK FOR CHARLTON'S

FIND-A-WORD & SEEK-A-WORD MAGAZINES ON MOST NEWSSTANDS